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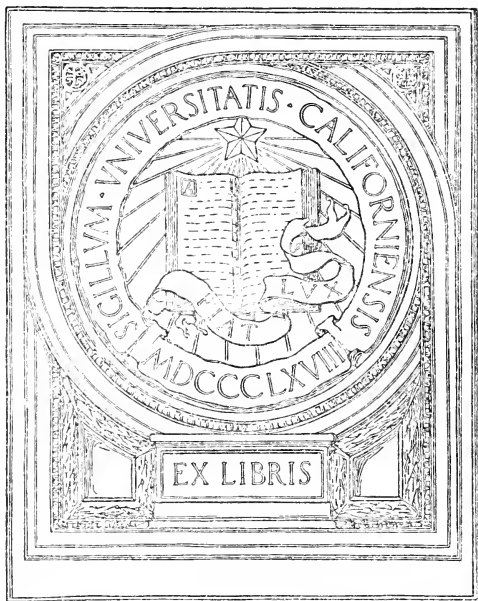
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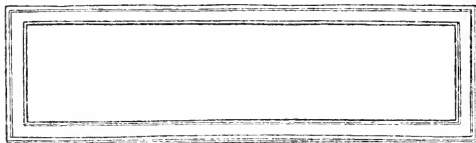
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EPIGRAMMES

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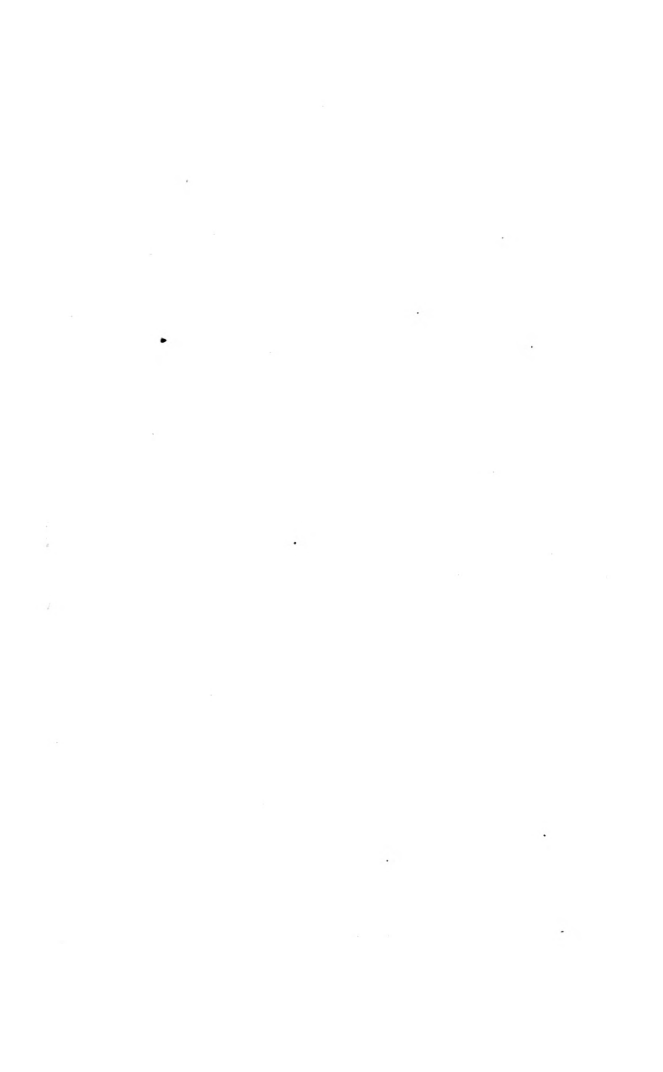
ELEGIES.

By I. D. and

C. M.



At Middleborough.



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Epigrammata prima

Ad Musam. I

FLie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou maist playes, reuel, and triumphs see
The house of fame, and theatre of renowne,
Where all good wittes and spirites loue to be.

Fall in betweene their hands that praise and loue thee
And be to them a laughter and a iest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprocue thee,
Disdaine their wittes, and thinke thine owne the best.

But if thou find any so grosse and dull,
That thinke I do to priuate taxing leane,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme doth meane:
Which taxeth vnder a particular name,
A generall vice that merites publike blame.

A 3

Huntington Lib. - 5-11-44 - English

Of a Gull. 2

Oft in my laughing rimes I name a gull,
But this new terme with many questions breede,
Therefore at first I will expresse at full
vwho is a true and perfect gull indeede.

A gull is he who feares a veluet gowne,
And when a wench is braue, dares not speake to her:
A gull is he which trauerseth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he prowdly weares
A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lies and knockes about the eares,
whilst in his sheathe his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which weares good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking vp his haire,
And filles vp his vnperfect speech with othes,
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare:
But to define a gull in termes precise,
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rufum 3

RVfus the Courtier at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himselfe transfer,
Or through a grate doth shew his doubtfull face.

For that the clamorous frie of Innes of court,
Filles vp the priuate roomes of greater prise:
And such a place where all may haue resort,
He in his singularitie doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shunne,
The common stews and brothels of the towne,
Though all the world in troupes do thither runne,
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre
A common seate that loues a common whore.

In Quintum 4

Quintus the Dauncer vs the euermore,
His feete in measure and in rule to moue,
Yet on a time he calld his Mistris whore,
And thought with that sweete word to win her loue:
Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,
It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

Scarfe were they settled in their lodging, when
wenches with wenches, men with men fell out:
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
which strait dissolues this ill assembled rowt.

But since the diuell brought them thus together,
To my discourfing thoughts it is a wonder,
why presently as soone as they came thither,
The selfesame duell did them part asunder:
Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish deuill,
That thus would part them ere they did some euill.

In Tunm. 6

Titus the braue and valorous yong gallant
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene,
Yet my lord Chancellors toombe he hath not scene,
Nor the new water-worke, nor the elephant,
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

In

In Faustum 7

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To euery place about the towne dorch ride,
Herides into the fieldes Playes to behold,
He rides to take boate at the water side,
Herides to Poules, he rides to th'ordinarie,
Herides vnto the house of bawderie too,
Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum 8

Kate being pleaste, wisht that her pleasure could
Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth:
For no buffe ierkin hath bin ofner worne,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

In Librum 9

Liber doth vaunt how chasteely he hath liude
Since he hath beene in towne, 7 yeeres and more,
For that he sweares he hath foure onely swiude,
A maide, a wife, a widow, and a whore:
Then Liber thou hast swiude all women kinde,
For a fift sort I know thou canst not finde.

In Medontem 10

Great captaine Medon weares a chaine of gold,
which at five hundred crownes is valewed,
For that it was his grandsires chaine of olde,
when great king Henry Boloigne conquered:
And weare it Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou by vertue of this massy chaine,
A stronger towne then Boloigne maist subdue,
If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine:
For what said Philip king of Macédon?
There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an asse laden with golde comes on,
The garde wil stoope, and gates shal open wide.

In Gellam 11

Gella, if thou dost love thy selfe, take heede
Lest thou my rimes vnto thy louer reede,
For strait thou grinst, and then thy louer seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gummes, and rotten teeth.

In Quintam 12

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his secte,
And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,
Dabled in the durt, and soaked in the raine:
Doubtlesse his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

In Seuerus 13

The puritane Seuerus oft doth read,
This text that doth pronounce vaine speech a sinne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in :
Hence is it that we seldome heare him sweare,
And thereof like a Pharisie he vauntes,
But he deuours more capons in a yeare,
Then would suffice a hundreth protestants :
And sooth, thole sectaries are gluttons all,
As wel the thred. bare Cobler as the Knight,
For those poore slaues which haue not wherewithal,
Feede on the rich till they deuoure them quite:
And so like Pharoes kine they eate vp cleane,
Those that be fat, yet still themselues be leane.

In Leucam 14

Leuca in presence once a fart did lett,
Some laught a little, she sotooke the place,
And mad with shame, did eke her gloue forget,
Which she returnde to fetch with bashfull grace:
And when she would haue said, this is my gloue,
My fart (quoth she) which did more laughter moue.

In Macrum 15

Thou canst not speake yet Macer, for to speake,
Is to distinguish soundes significant,
Thou with harsh noyse the aire dost rudely breake,
But what thou vtterest common sence doth want:
Halfe English words, with fustian tearmes among,
Much like the burthen of a northern song.

In Faustum 16

That youth saith Faustus hath a lion scene,
Who from a dicing house comes monileffe,
But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,
I doubt me he had scene a lionesse.

In Cosmum 17

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
Then Ioue, when Pallas issued from his braine,
And still he strives to be deliuered
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine:
For as we see at all the play-house doores,
When ended is the play, the daunce, and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,

Porters and seruingmen together throng,
So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, warre,
And borrowing money raging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

In Flaccum 18

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue,
But hee gaue backe my bribe, he more foole he,
That for my folly did not colen me,

In Cineas 19

Thou dogged Cineas hated like a dogge,
For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge,
Comparst thy selfe to nothing but a dogge:
Thou saist thou art as wearie as a dogge,
As angrie, sicke, and hungrie as a dogge,
As dull and melancholy as a dogge,
As lazie, sleepeie, idle as a dogge,
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?
In that for which all men despise a dogge,
I will compare thee better to a dogge:

Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
Thou art as true and honest as a dogge,
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge:
But Cineas, I haue oft heard thee tell
Thou art as like thy father as may be,
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to mee.

In Gerontem. 20

Geron whose mouldie memorie corrects,
Old Hollinshed our famous chronicler,
VVith morrall rules, and pollicie collects
Out of all actions doone thus fourescore yeare,
Accounts the times of euerie odde euent,
Not from christs birth, nor from the princes raigne
But from some other famous accident,
VVhich in mens generall notise doth remaine,
The siege of Bulloigne, and the plagueie sweat,
The going to saint Quintines and new Hauen,
The rising in the North, the frost so great,
That cartwheeleprints on Thames face were seen,
The fall of Money, & burning of Paules steeple,
The blazing starre, and Spaniards overthrow:
By these euents notorious to the people
He measures times, and things forepast doth shew.

But most of all he chiefly reckons by
A priuate chance, the death of his curst wife,
This is to him the deereſt memorie,
And th'happieſt accident of all his life.

In Marcum. 21

when Marcus comes from Mias, he ſtill doth ſwear
By, come a ſeauen, that all is loſt and gone,
But thats not true, for he hath loſt his haire,
Onely for that hee came too much at one.

In Ciprium. 22

The fine youth Ciprius is more tieſe and neate,
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And ſtill the neweſt faſhion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this,
He weares a hat now of the flat crowne blocke,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French,
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And waſtes more time in dreſſing then a wench,
Yet this new-fangled youth made for theſe times,
Doth about all prayſe old Gaſcoins times.

In Cincas 23

When Cincas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly lookes who first his Cap doth mooue,
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for euer they had lost his loue:
I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my Cap, but mooue it not a whit:
Which percciuing he seems for spite to burst:
But Cincas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quallitie,
For vault, and daunce, and fence, and rime I can,
You keepe a whore at your own charge men tel me,
Indeede friend Cincas, therein you excell me.

In Gallus 24

Gallus hath beene this Sommer time in Frizeland,
And now returnd he speakes such warlike wordes,
As if I could their English vnderstand,
I feare me they would cut my throate like swordes.
He talkes of counter scarphes and casomares,
Of parapets of curteneyes and Palizadois,
Of Flankers, Raelings, gabions he prates,
And of false brayes and sallyes and escaladoses

But

But to requite such gulling termes as these,
With wordes of my profession I reply,
I tell of fourching, vouchers, counter pleas,
Of whithernames essoynes and champartie,
So neither of vs vnderstanding either,
We part as wise as when we came together.

In Decium 25

Audacious Painters haue nine woorthies made,
But Poet Decius more Audacious farre,
Making his Mistris march with men of warre,
With title of tenth woorthly doth her laide
Me thinkes that Gull did vse histermes as fit,
Which termd his loue a Giant for his wit.

In Gellum 26

If Gellas bewtie be examined,
She hath a dull dead eye, a sadle nose,
An ill shapte face, with Morpheu ouerspred,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing shoves,
Breefly, she is the filthiest wench in towne,
Of all that doth the art of whoring vse,
But when she hath put on her satin gowne,
Hir out lawne apron and hir veluet shooes,

Hir greene silke stockings, and hir peticoate
Of taffatie, with golden fringe arounde,
And is withall perfumed with Ciuet hot,
Which doth hir valiant stinking breath confound,
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweete, filthie, fine, and fauoted whore.

In Sillam. 27

Silla is often chalengd to the field,
To answere like a Gentleman his foes,
But then doth he this only answere yeeld,
That he hath liuings and faire lands to lose:
Silla, if none but beggers valiant were,
The King of Spaine would put vs all in feare.

In Sillam. 28

Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?
When I dare sware he dares aduenture more
then the most braue, and most al-daring wight,
that euer armes with resolution bore,
He that dare touch the most vnholosome whore,
that euer was retirde into the spittle,
And dares court wenches standing at a dore,
The portion of his wit being passing little.

He that dares giue his dearest friend offences,
 Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do,
 And when a feuer doth confound his senses,
 Dare eate raw biefe and drinke strong wine thereto.
 He that dares take Tabaco on the stage,
 Daresman a whore at noon-day through the streets
 Dares daunce in Poules, and in this formall age,
 Dares say and doe what euer is vnmeet,
 VVhom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,
 VVho dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?

In Haywodem. 29

Haywood which did in Epigrams excell,
 Is now put down since my light muse arose,
 As buckets are put downe into a well,
 Or as a Schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.

In Dacum. 30

Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,
 Yet could he neuer make an English rime,
 But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
 VVhich haue beene spoken many a hundreth time,
 The man that keepes the Elephant hath one,
 VVherein he tels the wonders of the beast,

An other Banks pronounced long agoe,
 VVhen he his curtailes qualities exprest,
 He first taught him that keepes the monumentes
 At VVestminster his formall tale to say,
 And also him which puppets represents,
 And also him which with the Ape doth play:
 Though all his Poetrie be like to this,
 Amongst the Poets Dacus numbered is.

In Priscum. 31

VVhen Priscus rais'd f. om low to high estate,
 Rode through the streetes in pompous iollitie,
 Caius his poore familiar friend of late,
 Bespake him thus: Sir now you know not me,
 Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,
 For at this time my selfe I doe not know.

In Brunum. 32

Brunus which thinkes himselfe a faire sweete youth,
 Is thirtie nine yeares of age at least,
 Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,
 But a drie starueling when he was at best:
 This Gull was sicke to shew his night cap fine,
 And his wrought pillow ouerspred with lawne,
 But hath been well since his griefes cause hath line
 At Trollops by Saint Clements Church in pawne.

In Francum. 33

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himselfe starke naked,
For his lust sleepes and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench it be awaked:
I enue him not, but wish I had the powre,
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe howre.

In Castorem. 34

Of speaking well why doe we learne the skill,
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,
With railing Castor doth by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

In Septimum. 35

Septimus liues, and is like Garlike seene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene,
This olde mad coult deserues a Martyrs praise,
For he was burned in Queene Maries daies.

Of Tabacco. 36

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the gods most soueraigne herbe diuine,
Nepenthe Heuens drinke which gladnes brings,
Harts grieve expels, and doth the wits refine :

But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herbe of heauenly power is
Moly is not so soueraigne for a wound, (brought
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders brought.

It is Tabacco, whose sweete substantiall fume
the hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing downe and drying vp the rume,
The mother and the nurse of each disease,

It is Tabaco which doth colde expell,
And cleeres the obstructions of the arteries;
And sursets threatning death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomackes crudities:

It is Tabacco which hath power to clarifie,
The cloudy mistes before dim eies appearing,

It is Tabaco which hath power to rarefie,
The thicke grosse humor which doth stop the hearing

The wasting Hecticke and the quartane feuer,
VVhich doth of Physicke make a mockerie,
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,
VVhether the cause in tooth or stomacke be.

And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
Yet that medicine it dooth farre excell,
VVhich by Sir Thomas More hath bin propounded,
For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell,
O that I were one of these mountrybankes, (sell,
VVhich praise their oyles, and powders which they
My customers would giue me coyne with thanks,
I for this ware so smooth a tale would tell:

Yet would I vse none of those termes before,
I would but say, that it the Pox will cure:
This were enough without discoursing more,
All our braue Gallants in the towne t'allure.

In Crassum 37

Crassus his lies are not pernicious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtfull vnto none
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,
to tell for truth, that which for false is knowne:
He swares that Gaunt is threescore miles about,
And that the bridge at Parris on the Seine,
Is of such thicknes, length, and breadth, throughout
That sixscore arches can it scarce sustaine,
He swares he saw so great a dead mans scull,
At Canterburie digd out of the ground,

that would containe of wheate three bushels full,
 And that in Kent are twentie yeomen found,
 Of which the pooreſt every yeare diſpends
 Five thouſand pound: theſe & five thouſand moe
 So oft he hath recited to his friends,
 that nowe himſelfe perſwades himſelfe tis ſo:
 But why doth Craſſus tell his lies ſo riſe,
 Of bridges, townes, and things that haue no life?
 Hee is a lawyer, and doth well eſpie,
 that for ſuch lies an action wil not lie.

In Philonem. 38

Philo the Gentleman and the fortune-teller,
 the ſchoolmaſter, the midwife, and the baude,
 the coniurer, the buyer and the ſeller,
 Of painting, which with breathing will be thawde,
 Doth practiſe Phiſicke, and his credite growes,
 As doth the ballad-fingers audiorie,
 Which hath at temple-Barre his ſtanding choſe,
 And to the vulgar ſings an ale-houſe ſtorie.
 Firſt ſtands a Porter, then an oysterwiſe
 Doth ſtint her cry, and ſtay her ſteps to heare him,
 then comes a cut-purſe readie with his knife,
 And then a countrie clyent preſſeth neere him,
 there ſtands the cōſtable, there ſtands the whore,
 And hearkening to the ſong, marke not ech other.
There

There by the Sergant stands the debter poore,
And doth no more mistrust him then his brother,
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giueth musicke,
And Philo to such Patients giueth phisicke.

In Fuscum. 39

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of life that hee doth leade,
Hees like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth alwaies in the selfesame circle treade:
First he doth rise at ten, and at cleuen
He goes to Gilles, where he doth eate til one,
Then sees a play till sixe, and suppes at seauen,
And after supper straight to bed is gone,
And there till tenne next day he doth remaine,
And then he dines, then sees a Commedie,
And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe,
Thus rounde he runnes without varietie,
Saue that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falles into a whore house by the way.

D

The smel feast Afer trauals to the Burse
Twice eucty day the flying news to heare,
Which when he hath no more in his purse,
To rich mens tables he doth often teare:

He tel how Gronigen is taken in
By the braue conduct of illustrious Vere,
And how the Spanish forces i rest would winne,
But that they do victorious Norris feare:

No sooner is a shippe at sea surprisde,
But straight he learns the newes and doth disclose it
No tooner hath the Turke a plot deuise

To conquerie Christendom, but straight he knows it,
Faile written in a scroule he hath the names
Of all the widowes which the plague hath made,
And persons, titres, and places still he frames

To every tale, the better to pesswade:

We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slaue
Will eate as fast as he will viter lies,
For Fame is said a hundred mouthes to haue,
And he eates more then would fiftie score suffice.

In Paulum. 41

By lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enue fortunate,
Deriues out of the Oceans so much wealth,
As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,
But on the land a little gulse there is,
VVherein he drowneth all this wealth of his.

In Lycum. 42

Lycus which lately is to Venis gone,
Shall if he doe returne, gaine three for one,
Put tenne to one, his knowledge and his witte,
VVill not be bettered nor increasde a whit.

In Publium. 43

Publius student at the common law,
Oft leaues his bookes, and for his recreation,
To parish garden doth himselfe withdraw,
VVhere he is rauisht with such delectation,
As downe amongst the dogges and beares he goes,
VVhere whiles he skipping cries to head to head,
His fatten doublet and his veluet hose,
Are all with spittle from about bespread.

Then is he like his fathers country Hall,
Stinking with dogges, and mured all with hawkes,
And rightly too, on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsake,
Leauing old Ployden, Diar, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sakersone.

In Sillam 44

When I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou Sylla seemest forthwith to be offended,
And holdes the contrarie and sweares he can:
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art changde, and sayst thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife,
Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum 45

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Tearmes his loues beautie silent eloquence,
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then euer Tully vsde his speech to grace.

In Marcian. 46

Why dost thou Marcus in thy miserie,
Raile and blaspheme, and call the heauens vnkinde,
The heauens do owe no kindnesse vnto thee,
Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde:
For in thy life thou neuer vst prayer,
But at Primero, to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47

See yonder melancholy Gentleman,
Vvhich hoodwinck'd with his hat, alone doth sit,
Thinke what he thinkes, and tel me if you can,
Vvhat great affaires troubles his little wit:
He thinkes not of the warre twixt France & Spain,
Vvether it be for Europes good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the Turkish powre encroching still.
Nor what great towne in all the nether lands,
The States determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish pollicie now standes,
Nor what becomes of th'Irish mutining:
But he doth seriouſlie bethinke him whether
Of the guld people he be more esteemde,
For his long cloake, or for his great blacke feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deemde.

Or of a Iourney he deliberates,
 To Paris garden cock-pit, or the play,
 Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
 Or what he shall vnto his mistris say:
 Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit
 To be of counsell with a King for wit.

Ad Musam 48

Pease idle Muse, haue done, for it is time,
 Since lowlie Ponticus enuies my fame,
 And sweares the better sort are much to blame,
 To make me so well knowne for so ill rime,
 Yet Banks his horse is better knowne then hee,
 So are the camels and the welterne hogge,
 And so is Lepidus his printed dogge,
 VVhy doth not Ponticus their fames enuie,
 Besides this Muse of mine, and the blacke feather,
 Grew both together fresh in estimation,
 And both growne stale, were cast away together:
 VVhat fame is this that scarce last out a fashion:
 Onely this last in credite doth remaine,
 That from hence forth each bastard cast forth
 Which doth but saueur of a libell vaine, (rime,
 Shall call me father, and be thought my crime.
 So dull and with so little sence endued,
 Is my grosse headed iudge, the multitude.

FINIS. I. D.



IGNOTO.

I loue thee not for sacred chastitie,
Who loues for that ? nor for thy sprightly wit,
I loue thee not for thy sweete modestie,
Which makes thee in perfections throane to sit.

I loue thee not for thy inchaunting eye,
Thy beawty rauishing perfection,
I loue thee not for vnchast luxurie,
Nor for thy bodies faire proportion.

I loue thee not for that my soule doth daunce,
And leape with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Giue muscull and gracefull vterance,
To some (by thee made happy) Poets line.

I loue thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore ? faire sweete for all.

Faith (wench) I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the bate viall plac'd betweene my thyghs,
I cannot lispe nor to some fidel! sing,
Nor runne vpon a high strecht minikin,

I cannot whine in puling Elegies,
Intombing Cupid with sad obsequies,
I am not fashiond for these amorous times,
To court thy beawtie with lasciuious rimes :
I cannot dally, caper, daunce, and sing,
Oyling my saint with supple sonnetting.
I cannot crosse my armes or sigh ay me,
Ay me forlorne ? egregious soppery,
I cannot buffe thy fitt, play with thy haire;
Swearing by loue thou art most debonaire :
Not I by God, but shal I tell thee roundly, (soundly.
Harke in thine eare, Zoundes I can () thee

Sweete wench I loue thee, yet I will not sue,
Or shew my loue as muskie Couriers doe,
I'll not carouse a health to honor thee,
In this same bezling drunken curtisie,
And when alls quaf'd, cate vp my bowling glasse,
In glory that I am thy seruile Affe,
Nor will I weare a rotten Burbon lock,
As some sworn pesant to a female smock.
VVell featurde lasse; thou knowest I loue thee deare,
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine eare:
To hang thy durtye silken shooetyres thear.
Nor for thy loue wil I once gnash a bricke,
Or some pied coulers in my bonet sticke:
But by the chappes of hell to doe thee good,
I'll freely spende my thrife decocted blood.

F I N I S.

CERTAIN E
OF OVIDS
ELEGIES.

By C. Marlow.



At Middleborough.





Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 1.

*Quemadmodum à Cupidine, pro bell.
amores scribere coactus sit.*

WE which were Ouids five books, now are three
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou plainst of tediousnesse,
Two tane away thy labor will be lesse:
With muse vpreard I meane to sing of armes,
Choosing a subiect fit for feirle alarmes:
Both verses were alike till loue (men say)
Began to smile and take one foote away.
Rash boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses prophets, none of thine.
That if thy Mother take Dianas bowe?
Shall Dian fanne when loue begins to glowe.
In wooddie groues ist meete that Ceres Raigne,
And quier bearing Dian till the plaine:
Whole set the faire treste sonne in battell ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harpe to play,
Grear are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,
Ambitious Imp, why seekst thou further charge?

Are all things thine ? the Muses temple thine ?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harpe is mine,
When in this worke first verse I trod aloft,
I slackt my Muse, and made my number loft.
I haue no mistris, nor no fauorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit,
Thus I complaind, but loue vnlockt his quier,
Tooke out the shaft, ordaind my hart to shiuer :
And bent his sinewy bow vpon his knee,
Saying, Poet heers a worke bebecoming thee.
Oh woe is me, he neuer shootes but hits,
I burne, loue in my idle bolome sits.
Let my first ver'e be fixe, my last five feete,
Fare well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.
El-gian Muse, that warblest amorous laies,
Girt my shunc browe with lea banke mirtle praise.

C. Marlowe.

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 3.

ad amicum.

I aske but right let hir that cought me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate:
I aske too much, would she but let me loue hir,
Loue knowes with such like praiers, I dayly moue hir
Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truth:
If lostie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of knightly line.
Soone may you plow the little lands I haue,
I gladly graunt my parents giuen, to saue.
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
And Cupide who hath markt me for thy pray.
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods giue place,
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.
I loue but one, and hir I loue change neuer,
If men haue Faith, Ile liue with thee for euer.
The yeares that fatall destenie shall giue,
Ile liue with thee, and die, or thou shalt greiue,
Be thou the happie subiect of my Bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes:
By verses horned Io. got hir name,
And she to whom in shape of Bull loue came.
And she that on a faind Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false hornes with hir virgin hand:
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwaies sung.

Amorum lib. 1 Elegia 5.

Corinna concubitus.

IN summers heate, and midtime of the day,
To rest my limbes, vpon a bedde I lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gaue such light, as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimpses at setting of the sunne,
Or night being past, and yet not day beganne,
Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,
Where they may sport, and seeme to be vnknowne
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,
Her white necke hid with tresses hanging downe,
Resembling faire Semiramis going to bed,
Or Lays of a thousand louers spread,
I snatcht hir gowne being thin, the harme was small
Yet striude she to be couered therewithall,
And striuing thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last,
Starke naked as she stood before mine eie,
Not one wen in her bodie could I spie,
What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me,
How smoothe a bellie, vnder her waste sawe I,
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh,
To leaue the rest, all likt me passing well,
I clind her naked bodie, downe she fell,
Iudge you the rest, being tyrd she bad me kisse,
Ioue send me more such afternoones as this.

C. Marlow.

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 13.

Ad amicum si peccatura est, ut oculi peccet.

SEeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,
But let not mee poore soule know of thy straying,
Nor do I giue thee counsaile to liue chaste,
But that thou wouldst dissemble when tis paste,
She hath not trode awrie that doth denie it,
Such as confesse, haue lost their good names by it,
What madnesse ist to tell night pranks by day,
Or hidden secrets openlie to bewray,
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the roome be cleere, and doore put too,
will you make shipwracke of your honest name,
And let the world be witnessse of the same:
Be more adu sde, walke as a puritane,
And I shall thinke you chaste do what you can,
Slippe still, onely denie it when tis done,
And before folke immodest speeches thunne,
The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,
There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete,
When you are vp and drest, be sage and graue,
And in the bed hide all the faults you haue,
Be not ashamed to strippe you being there,
And mingle thiehs, mine euer yours to beare,
There in your rosie lippes my tongue intombe,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come,

Forbare no wanton words you there would speake,
And with your pastime let the bedsted creak,
But with your robes, put on an honest face,
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace,
Deceiue all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,
And like a wittall thinke thee voyde of sight,
Why see I lines so oft receiue and giuen,
This bed, and that by tumbling made vneuen,
Like one itart vp your haire tost and displast,
And with a wantons tooth, your necke new raste,
Graunt this, that what you do I may not see,
If you wey not ill speeches, yet wey mee:
My soule flectes when I thinke what you haue done,
And through cuerie vaine doth cold bloud runne,
Then thee whom I must loue I hate in vaine,
And would be dead, but dying, with thee remaine,
Ile not sift much, but hold thee soone excusde,
Say but thou wert iniurously accusde,
Though while the deede be doing you be tooke,
And I see when you ope the two leaude booke:
Swear I was blinde, yeeld not, if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more then mine eies,
From him that yeelds the garland is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
And being iustified by two words, thinke
The cause acquits you not, but I that winke.

C. Marlow.

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 15.

Ad inuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENuie, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And tearmes our works fruits of an idle quill,
Or that vnlike the line from whence I come,
VVars dustie honors are refused being yong,
Nor that I studie not the brawling lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euerie cause.
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the world might euer chaunt my name.
Homer shall liue while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Symois shall slide.
Alcercus liues, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corne downe fell,
For euer lasts high Sophocles proud vaine.
VVith sunne and moone Æratus shall remaine.
VVhile bond-men cheat, fathers hoord, bawds hoorish
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fames eternall legend writ,
VVhat age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And Iasons Argos, and the fleece of golde.
Loftie Lucretius shall liue that houre,
That Nature shall dissolue this earthly bowre.
Æneas warre, and Titerus shall be read,
VVhile Rome of all the conquering world is head.

F

Till

Till Cupids bow, and fierie shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweete Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be knowne from East to VVest,
So shall Licorus whom he loued best:
Therefore when flint and yron weare away,
Verse is immortall, and shall nere decay.
Let Kings giue place to verse and kingly shewes,
The banks ore which gold bearing Tagus flowes.
Let base conceited wits, admire vilde things,
Faيرة Phœbus leade me to the Muses springs.
About my head be quivering Mirtle wound,
And in sad louers heads let me be found.
The liuing, not the dead can enuie bite,
For after death all men receiue their right:
Then though death rackes my bones in funerall fier,
He liue, and as he puls me downe, mount higher.

Amorum.lib.I.Elegia,13.

Ad auroram ne properet.

NOW on the sea from her old loue comes shee,
That drawes the day frō heauens cold axeltree.
Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe,
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slaine.
Now in her tender armes I sweetly bide,
If euer, now, well lies she by my side.
The aire is colde, and sleepe is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from euerie bow.
VWhither runst thou, that men, and women, loue not?
Hold in thy rosie horses that they moue not.
Ere thou rise starres teach seamen where to saile,
But when thou comest they of their courses faile.
Poore trauailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,
And souldiours make them ready to the fight,
The painfull Hinde by thee to field is sent,
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou coo'stest boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them
To Pedants, that with cruell lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the suretie to the lawyer runne,
That with one worde hath nigh himselfe vndone,
The lawier and the client both do hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest vp to toyle anew.
By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
Thou seest their labouring hands to spin and card.

This could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
VVho can indure, saue him with whom none lies?
How oft wisht I night would not giue thee place,
Nor morning starres shunne thy vprising face.
How oft, that either wind would breake thy coche,
Or steeds might fal forced with thick clouds approach.
VVhither goest thou hateful nymph? Memnon the else
Receiued his cole-blacke colour from thy selfe.
Say that thy loue with Cæphalus were not knowne,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.
VVould Tithon might but talke of thee a while,
Not one in heauen should be more base and vile.
Thou leau'st his bed, because hees faint through age,
And early mountest thy hatefull carriage:
But hadst thou in thine armes some Cæphalus,
Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.
Punish ye me, because yeares make him waine,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine.
The Moone sleepes with Endemion euerie day,
Thou art as faire as shee, then kisse and play.
Loue that thou shouldst not hast but wait his leasure,
Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
I chid no more, shee blusht, and therefore heard me,
Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me:

Amorum lib.2.Elegia 4.

Quod amet mulieres, Cuifcunque forme ſint.

I Meane not to defend the ſcapes of any,
Or juſtifie my vices being many,
For I confeſſe, if that might merite fauour,
Heere I diſplay my lewd and looſe behauiour,
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne:
Oh how the burden irkes, that we ſhould ſhun,
I cannot rule my ſelfe but where loue pleaſe,
And driuen like a ſhip vpon rough ſeas,
No one face likes me beſt, all faces moue,
A hundred reaſons makes me euer loue.
If any eie mee with a moſt looke,
I bluſh, and by that bluſhfull glaſſe am tooke:
And ſhe thats coy I like, for being no clowne,
Me thinkes ſhe ſhould be nimble when ſhees downe,
Though her ſowre looks a ſabins brow reſemble,
I thinke ſheele doe, but deeply can diſſemble,
If ſhe be learned, then for her ſkill I craue her,
If not, becauſe ſhees ſimple I would haue her,
Before Calimecus one preferres me farre,
Seeing ſhe likes my bookes, why ſhould we iarre?
Another railes at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
Trips ſhe, it likes me well, plods ſhe, what than?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man,

And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long,
To quauer on her lippes euen in her song,
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not loue those hands for their swift run-
And she I like that with a maiestie, (ning,
Foldes vp her armes, and makes low curtesie,
To leaue my selfe, that am in loue withall,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall,
If she be tall, shees like an amazon,
And therefore filles the bed she lies vpon,
If short, she lies the rounder to speake troth,
Both short and long please me, for I loue both:
If her white necke be shadowed with blacke haire,
VVhy so was Leda, yet was Leda faire,
Yellow trest is shee, then on the morne thinke I,
My loue alludes to euerie historie:
A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her woman-hood:
Nay what is she that any Romane loues,
But my ambitious ranging mind approoues?

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 10.

*Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore
duas amet.*

Grecinus (well I wot) thou couldst me once,
I could not be in loue with twoo at once,
By thee deceiued, by thee surprisde am I,
For now I loue two women equallie:
Both are wel fauoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loueliest it is hard to say:
This seemes the fairest, so doth that to mee,
This doth please me most, and so doth she,
Euen as a boate, tost by contrarie winde,
So with this loue, and that wauers my minde,
Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?
Was not one wench enough to greue my heart?
Why addst thou starres to heauen, leaues to greene
And to the deep vast sea fresh water flouds? (woods,
Yet this is better farre then lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies haue none,
Yea, let my foes sleepe in an emptie bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft loue rowse vp my drowisie eies,
And from my mistris bosc me let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweete loues delight
If one can doote, if not, two euerie night,
Though I am slender, I haue store of pith,

Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with:
Pleasure addes fuell to my lustfull fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft haue I spent the night in wantonneffe,
And in the morne beene liuely nere thelesse,
Hees happie who loues mutuall skirmish playes,
And to the Gods for that death Ouid prayes,
Let souldiour chase his enemies amaine,
And with his blood eternall honour gaine,
Let marchants seeke wealth with periured lips,
And being wrackt, carowse the sea tir'd by their ships:
But when I die, would I might droope with doing,
And in the midst thereof, let my soule going,
That at my funeralles some may weeping crie,
Euen as he led his life, so did he die.

Amorum

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire
non potuit conqueritur.*

EITHER she was foule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wisht t'haue had,
Idly I lay with her, as if I loude her not,
And like a burden greede the bed that mooued not,
Though both of vs performed our true intent,
Yet could I not cast ancor where I meant,
Shee on my necke her Iuorie armes did throw,
That were as white as is the Cyanean snow,
And egerlie she kist me with her tongue,
And vnder mine her wanton thigh shee flong,
Yea, and she soothde me vp, and calde me fir,
And vsde all speech that might prouoke and stirre,
Yet like as if cold hemlocke I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung down the head and luncke,
Like a dull Cipher, or rude blocke I lay,
Or shad, or body was I, who can say,
VVhat will my age dosage I cannot shunne,
Seeing in my prime my force is spent and done,
I blush, and being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I proue neither youth nor man, but olde and rustie,
Pure rose shee, like a Nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies,
Yet boorded I the golden Chie twise,

And Libas, and the white cheek'de Pitho thrise,
Corinna craude it in a summers night,
And nine sweete bouts had we before day light,
what wast my limbs through some Thesalian charms,
May spellcs and droughs do sillie soules such harmes?
V With virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts,
And pierst my liuer with sharpe needle poynts,
Charms change corne to grasfe, and makes it dye,
By charms are running springs and fountaines drie,
By charms maste drops from okes, from vines grapes
And fruit from trees, when thier's no wind at al (fall,
Why might not then my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint, as with some spirit haunted,
To this ad shame, shame to performe it quaild mee,
And was the second cause why vigor failde mee:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthful pilus fire,
And Tithon liuelier then his yeeres require,
Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I craue more if I aske againe,
I thinke the great Gods greued they had bestowde
this benefite, which lewdly I forflowd:
I witht to be receiued in, and in I got me,
to kisse, I kisse, to lie with her shee let me,
Why was I blest? why made king? and refusde it,
Chus-like had I not gold, and could not vse it,
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And lookes vppon the fruits he cannot touch,

Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
 As she might straight haue gone to church & praide:
 Well, I beleue she kist not as she should,
 Nor vſde the ſlight nor cunning which ſhe could,
 Huge okes, hard Adamantes might ſhe haue moued,
 And with ſweete words cauſe deafe rockes to haue
 VVorthy ſhe was to moue both Gods & men (loued
 But neither was I man, nor liued then,
 Can deafe yeares take delight when Phenius ſings,
 Or Thamaris in curious painted things,
 VVhat ſweetethought is there but I had the ſame,
 And one gaue place ſtill as another came?
 yet notwithstanding, like one dead it lay,
 Drouping more then a Roſe puld yeſterday:
 Now when he ſhould not iette, he boult vpright,
 And craues his taſke, and ſeekes to be at fight,
 Lie downe with ſtame, and ſee thou ſtirre no more,
 Seeing now thou wouldſt deceiue me as before:
 Thou couſendſt mee, by thee ſurprizde am I,
 And bide ſore loſſe, with endleſſe infamie,
 Nay more, the wench did not diſdaine a whit,
 To take it in her hand and play with it.
 But when ſhe ſaw it would by no meanes ſtand,
 But ſtill droupt downe regarding not her hand,
 VVhy mockſt thou me ſhe cried, or being ill,
 VVho bad thee lie downe here againſt thy will?
 Either thart witcht with blood of frogs new dead,
 Or iaded caſt thou from ſome others bed.
 VVith that her looſe gowne on from me ſhe caſt her

In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her,
And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
To couer it, spilt water in the place.

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 2.

*Quod primo Amore correptus, in triumphum
daci se à Cupidine patiatnr.*

WHat makes my bed seem hard seeing it is soft?
Or why slips downe the Couerlet so oft?
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were loue the cause, it's like I shoulde descry him,
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spie him.
T'was so he stroke me with a slender dart,
Tis cruell loue turmoyles my captiue hart.
yeelding or struing doe we giue him might
I ets yeeld, a burden easly borne is light.
I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,
Which being not shakt, saw it die at length.
yong oxen newly yokt are beaten more,
Then oxen which haue drawne the plow before.
And rough iades mouths with stui burn bits are torne

But managde horses heads are lightly borne,
Vnwillling Louers, loue doth more torment,
Then such as in their bondage feele content.
Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I,
And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.
What needes thou warre, I sue to thee for grace,
With armes to conquer armlesse men is base,
Yoke Venus Doves, put Mirtle on thy haire,
Vulcan will giue thee Chariots rich and faire.
the people thee applauding thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmlesse Pigeons with thy hand.
Yong men and women, shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphs seeme magnificall,
I lately cought, will haue a new made wound,
And captiue like be manacled and bound.
Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their backe.
thee all shall feare and worship as a King,
Io. triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, feare and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troopes hath alwayes bin on Cupids side:
thou with these souldiers conquerst gods and men,
take these away, where is thy honor then?
thy mother shall from heauen applaud this show,
And on their faces heapes of Roses strow.
With beautie of thy wings, thy faire haire gilded,
Ride golden loue in Chariots richly builded.
Vnlesse I erre full many shalt thou burne,
And giue woundes infinite at euerie turne.

In spite of thee, forth will thy arrowes flie,
A scorching flame burnes all the standers by,
So hauing conquerd Inde, was Bacchus hew,
Thee Pompous birds and him two tygres drew.
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling mee.
Beholde thy kinsmans Caesars prosperous bandes,
Whogardes thee conquered with his conquering
(hands.

FINIS.

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APR 10 1961

APR 22 1963

SEP 1 1963

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